## HOME AND SOCIETY.

SOME UNPLEASANT BLUNDERS.

LOOKING OUT FOR SERVANTS-NOTES ON THE FASHIONS-WOMEN STRUGGLING FOR A LIVING-LIFE IN EARNEST.

It behooves American women who have married out of the country to be careful on returning to the land of their nativity to inform themselves of what has occurred during their absence. Their friends are apt to resent ignorance, and they themselves are liable to many awkward moments in consequence of a want of knowledge of the various changes which the people themselves imagine are as well known among Americans abroad as at home. The fact of the matter is, however, that happenings in our society are matters of little or no importance to people on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is really almost impossible to keep informed of home affairs among the multitudinous interests of another social life. Still people do not like to be asked after various members of the family who are dead, or to have some black sheep tenderly inquired for, or that absent friends should forget their marriages or betray ignorance of any other important events, An American woman who has married into the English nobility gives an amusing account of her embarrassments on her first visit home after an ab-sence of several years.

"One of the first dinners given me," she said, "was by Mr. S., at the Waldorf. His people had al-ways been most intimate with mine, and his affairs I ought to have known as well as those of my own family. 'And how is your dear father?' I inquired affectionately as soon as we were seated at the table. 'He has been dead two years,' answered my host, turning aside, leaving me to gulp down an oyster which I had just raised to my mouth.

"How unfeeling you must think me,' I mur mured, after I had succeeded in swallowing the difficult morsel. 'Of course I heard of your sad loss, it was your mother I intended to inquire for.'

also dead,' he said very solemnly. Was it not awful! I am quite sure he will never forgive me. My next transgression was even worse. An old friend of my mother called to see me. Her daughter and son had been my earliest playmates. Rilly knew was married, and congratulating myself that I was at least sure of something, I asked a lot of questions about her and her husband, and then, as bad luck would have it, I added-'and Harry? suppose he is a very clever lawyer by this time, and is making no end of money.' My dear, he had absconded the year before with some trust funds! Mother told me about it afterward, and said she was on pins and needles until she succeeded in turning the conversation."

Another absentee started out on a round of visits and asked at their doors for three people who had recently joined the great majority. Still another mortally offended one of her old intimates by making fun of a man to whom the latter was engaged, and to whom her betrothal had been publicly announced a few weeks before. It really requires not a little tact to steer clear of blunders after a long absence from American society, and yet seem prop erly interested in the concerns of one's friends. A book of events at home would be of inestimable benefit to our foreign friends.

Servants' bedrooms are not, as a rule, properly considered in otherwise luxurious households. Uncarpeted or cheerless, they are apt to have narrow cot beds, hard mattresses and uninviting-looking furniture. Surely not only is the laborer worthy of his hire, but he or she should also be worthy of comfort, and particularly of a roomy bed, soft mattress, easy springs and light, warm coveringthat would be conducive to healthful rest after a day of toll. It would seem to be only just that those who work the hardest should have the most comfortable couches; but what is given to them as a rule is a cot bed, a cheap mattress, cotton "comfortables" (obvious misnomer), which are heavy as lead, and cheap blankets and coarse sheets. Charity begins at home, and a visit of kindly inspection ther servants' rooms would convict many a mis tress of thoughtless negligence. In a cheerful kitch en the other day were seen an easy rocking chair and a rug placed near the window, together with a small table.

"That is Ann's corner," said the pretty house keeper, with a bright smile, noticing her visitor's glance in that direction; and the pleasant look that was exchanged between mistress and maid showed that in that household at least, labor and capital understood each other and were friends.

"I have the great envy to be a designer of costumes for de ladies," said a very famous French tumes for de ladies," said a very famous French portrait painter, "for I have the 'gout,' mol! If I were not artist, I should design robes, but I should make enemies, for I would cover up the skinny necks and the fat ladies I would robe in teagowns; besides, as to that, I could not devise my confec-tions for uninteresting subjects. But figure to yourhich she was to be painted. Ah, mon dieu, the enthusiastically, "both in originating the costume and then painting it on that superb creature afterward! It was a robe of rose color miroir velvet, cut low on the shoulders and edged with dark fur. The gown was made en princesse, and with a long train that swept around in beautiful folds when the figure was half turned in the pose I did choose. White chiffon caught on with pearls was draped across the breast, clasped in front with a pearl clasp, and then the long ruffled ends were again caught up on the left hip with pearls. Madame's beautiful arms were bare save for the full chiffon sleeves, which were also caught up and draped with The portrait had a veritable success when it was exhibited that year in the salon; and Madame

Queen Victoria is a remarkably conservative old lady so far as the routine of life goes. She loves old customs and doesn't like new things-not even new furniture or new fashions. "When a distin-guished lady," it is said, "a few years back, sent she sent them dreused as was and is still the mode in tucked blouse dresses without sashes. But the Queen considered that no child should be brought mind did not exist without the smart sash she had always known. And very courteously but firmly she made objection to the little frocks, and asked that the next time the Countess brought her children to her that 'she would not forget the sashes.'

The Queen still wears the horrible congress gait-ers of thirty years ago in which her foot shows no

sign of Spanish instep. Her children still address her in the way which was fashionable when they were little things. No member of the upper classes ever said "Mother" then; and from the eldest to the youngest they still call the Queen "Mamma."

Another American woman has become an English countess. This lady, who was Miss Corbin, mar-ried Mr. Walpole, nephew of the Earl of Oxford, and the Earl having lately died leaving only two

The space above the door is often utilized for a shelf and rail to hold a plate of blue china or gay ma-jolica, or some other object which will prove deco-rative. Objects which are a little coarse in ornamentation, strong but crude in color, like the old Delft or the modern Moorish pottery, are exceedingly effective over the door. The objects on the over-door shelf must be substantially placed, so that they may be easily dusted, and three or four pieces are quite enough for the space. The most delicate objects of decoration should be placed low down within easy range of the vision, and it seems strange that any person of refined taste should place a delicate thing which requires minute in-spection, like a bit of fine porcelain, in such an

The teak-wood cabinet, with its irregular shelves somewhat sprawling outlines, is picturesque, but it is expensive. The smallest hanging cabinets of this kind cost \$25 and upward, according to the carving. The wall cabinet has suffered from the various "fashions" in furniture, and efforts have even been made to introduce the wall cabinet in the pinchbeck styles of the Empire. This simple and picturerque piece of furniture belongs, however, especially to the Oriental, Japanese, Dutch and Gothic styles of furniture, not to the periods of the Louis XV and Empire furniture, which was intended for the decoration of State apartments and of the glass door, is specially pretty. The day of bevelled plate-door in the china closet has by, and all manner of fancy glass settings are now in vogue. There are diamond settings, like the small leaded panes of the old-fashioned

Dutch cabinets. There are irregular oval settings of every kind and descriptions, and, above all, the cobweb settings that seem to have no method except irregularity.

CURRENT FASHIONS.

REIGN OF THE ENORMOUS SLEEVE.

Sleeves now extend straight out on a level with the shoulders, forming a horizontal line, which from the two projecting points of the sleeves often measure two yards across. Fortunately these excresences are pliable, otherwise people in the publi conveyances would be seriously incommoded by the present fashions. This squared effect of the shoulders is greatly enhanced by the straight tabs and berthas which are now worn and which extend out

over the sleeves without any folds. The lustreless black of the crepons is very becomto discover, and the sombre hue is consequently in high favor. A very elegant black costume for matron, made after a Worth model, has a black crépon skirt, with each gore outlined with a narrow line of jet, and a narrow pleating of black faille just under the hem. The front of the bodice is of black chiffon held in place with flat bands of black satin ribbon, which are sewn in with the shoulder seam, and converge at the waist. The rest of the corsage and the sleeves are of black faille, another on either side in front, while one reaches nearly to the waist at the back.

ball and opera cloaks now being made in Paris are of the richest materials-the most beautiful velvets and brocades and embroideries, and the most cestly furs being used for them. Some



of them cost a small fortune. Sable, silver for and ermine are the favorite furs. The magnificent wrap illustrated here is a recent creation. The stole is of the finest sable.

Decided contrasts are so much worn this season that a gown wherein everything "matches" is rather a relief to the eye. A very fair blonde scored a decided advantage at a reception in one of the most



pletely in brown. Her brown crépon was edged with brown fur, with leg o' mutton crépon sleeves; the the top with an immensely wide collar, cut sailor fashion, and trimmed with brown fur, with a high storm collar also trimmed with fur. the jacket was left open with folds of the velvet



they reacned the waist. This sleeveless velvet jacket was worn over a brown chiffon bodice, which was finished with a brown satin ribbon collar and beit. Even the hat was brown-a combination of velvet, fur, and the breast of a grouse. The whole was a most harmonicus contrast to the yellow hair and rose leaf complexion of the wearer. A very effective evening dress, prepared for one

of the out-of-town dances in Christmas week, is of black velvet, the skirt plain and edged with sable. black velvet, the skirt plain and classified and having a band of white gulpure insertion over yellow satin just above the fur, with a beading of jet on either side. The skirt, which is very wide, has ten distinct flutes, which are held in place by elastics, the front of the skirt being held out flat by whalebones. The front of the bodice is of accordion-pleated yellow chiffon, with open work jet falling in graduated cascaded drops. A yellow satin ribbon embroidered in jet, passes over the shoul-ders, meeting in a point, back and front. Only the pleces under the arms are of the black velvet, the back, like the front, being of yellow chiffon and the

large puff siceves of blue faile.

Although somewhat exaggerated, the present fashions are decidedly picturesque. A dainty dress on a charming woman at a recent reception was of heliotrope crepon, heliotrope velvet, and pale-yellow chiffon. The plain skirt was of the crepon; yellow chiffon. The plain skirt was of the crepon; the waist was a velvet bodice, with straps over the shoulders. It was cut out nearly to the waist, front and back, and under the arms, and filled in with the yellow chiffon. A black Brussels point yoke extended over the shoulders, and there were points of the black Brussels lace around the waist hanging over the skirt. The sleeves were of velvet

Chiffon seems to be used aniversally, and is as much employed in combination with woollen materials as with silk. An imported visiting costume of brown bourette has the upper part of the bodice of smoothly fitting brown velvet, cut with caps over the sleeves and running down to the waist in a narrow band in front, and in the back, and also the side pieces under the arms. The intervening parts are filed with bright green chiffon. The skirt is made with a yoke just betended for the decoration of State apartments are the skirt is made with a yoke just comest, gooms, from which domestic life was swept chiffon. The skirt is made with a yoke just comest, gooms, from which domestic life was swept bow the hips, ending at the sides, the material at away by pincheck and show. For the sittings low the hips, ending at the sides, the material at away by pincheck and show. For the sides with the sides of the panels of the panels of the panels of the sides of the sides. The sides of the sides. The sides of t

EARNING A LIVING.

EXPERIENCES SAD AND OTHERWISE. "My friend and I have money enough to support us for three or four weeks after landing; by that time we hope to obtain good positions." A young woman in London wrote thus to the secretary of an employment bureau. The secretary replied at once, advising the friends not to come to a strange city with such insufficient provision; informing them of the great competition for all desirable positions, of the possibility that they might be weeks or months without employment, and of the high cost of liv-ing in New-York. Under the circumstances they

wisely decided not to leave their native country. Yet, under the impression that it is easy to find pleasant positions with large salaries in New-York, young women from abroad and from the Western and Southern States continue to arrive here without knowledge of the difficulties which await them. In the Margaret Louisa Home, whose main purpose is to afford a temporary residence for those seeking employment, and where so many applicants congregate, one often hears pathetic tales of disappointed hopes. In warm summer evenings chance acquaintances exchange confidences on the roof of the buildchilly days they tell their stories in their comfortable bedrooms, which they must soon exchange for such lodgings-often dreary ones-as their

An English girl, who came to New-York seeking a position as nursery governess, was thankful, when her purse was almost empty, to accept a place as chambermaid. Another came from a dis ernesses, and was called "accomplished," but she had not been trained to teach or to do any practical work. She had references as to character and social position, but when questioned about he perience in teaching or in office work she had to answer that she had none. Disappointment followed disappointment, and her money was almost gone. To pay the rent of her small, unheated room, she sold some of her clothing for a fraction of its value. For weeks she lived on broken crackers, which she bought from a baking company at about 3 cents a pound, a little cheese, and stale bread, at 3 cents a loaf. Of course she lost strength, and, consequently, her natural hopefulness and determination; yet she had resolution enough to continue her efforts to find work, and at last was temporarily employed by a business house in folding and addressing circulars. For several months she had occasional work, and her income averaged about \$4 a week. She lodged in a poor room, was insufficiently fed, and unable to replenish her clothing But after continued search she obtained a position in an office on a stated salary. This place led the way to a better one, and when she told her story in the Home to encourage a despondent seeker for employment she was in receipt of a good in-

"But one shouldn't go out of one's class and se aside all educational advantages, and take any kind of work," said a girl who had sought vainly for the position she desired.

"I agree with you in part," said a slender, soft voiced woman. "As a rule, what we call well-educated women should not take positions that can be filled by those who have little education. But if it is necessary, in order to maintain herself, a woman should be willing to do any kind of honest work. Once when I was in great need in a strange city I took a place as charwoman, and, by chance man who had known me elsewhere under very different circumstances passed the house while I was washing windows. Of course, it was a little awkward for both, but-I don't mind now. The difficulty was that my physique was unfitted for such hard, manual labor, and my hards were in an awful state. One's muscles require training. Nevertheless, I kept at it till I found something better. "Once, when I could find nothing else to do," said another, "I had a place as inspector of gas meters. Would you like to see my badge? I keep it as a

"when I watch the pitiless struggle, the ceaseless competition for the bare existence. I am tempted sometimes to end it all. One could do it so easily." who had been silent; "your bright days will come

"It's the old story of 'Live horse, and you'll eat | from the action of organic matter in peat bogs.

senger whom I sent for chloroform. Then I went the New-York police. Even the building trades obey I wished to. I did not remember that I had not turned the key in the lock. Presently I heard the sound of many voices, but they seemed dull and sound of many voices, but they seemed dult and far away. When my consciousness returned the landlady and a doctor were beside me. She had heard of my sending for chloroform, and had come in alarm to my room. I was ill for days, but while I lay there I told the landlady my story. and she said I should stay with her till I found employment, and must never think of my bill till I was well able to pay it. It was not long before I had a good place and was able to repay her. In the years that have passed since then I have had the years that have passed since then I have had my dark hours, but I've had bright ones too; and many, many times I've been thankful that I was arrested on my, way to self-destruction."

For the most part, the women one meets in the Home are brave and cheerful-looking. Some have

come to the city to seek employment and have found it. Some are self-supporting women from other places and are spending a vacation at the Home. Some have come to attend meetings or lectures. Others, who have positions in New-York. avail themselves of the accommodations of the Home while they look for boarding-places. One Home while they look for boarding-places. One made a long journey to seek an erring brother and found him sick and remorseful. The limit of time in any one year is thirty-five days. All vacancies are filled immediately, and applicants are often necessarily sent away because there is no room for them. Therefore, it is advisable to make applications some time before the room is required.

"Oh, for a permanent home like this!" is the cry of those who have come to the end of their time. At the luncheon hour the restaurant is always crowded. At that time many women who are not self-supporting, and who are shopping in the neighborhood, find it a convenience. A large number of girls from the shops and busin as places in the neighborhood also lunch there. But, with the exception of the lodgers in the Home, the women who breakfast and dine in the restaurant are usually self-supporting women who live in furnished rooms in the neighborhood. Some cook their breakfasts in their own rooms over gas or oil stoves, and take dinner only at the restaurant. Before the dinner hour there is a line of waiting women in the hall from the street door to the door of the restaurant. As a rule they are well-mannered and agreeable, and the spirit of good fellowship is evident, but occasionally an underbred woman elbows her way through the crowd, regardless of the rights of others, who have come before her, and takes a position close by the door, so that when it is opened, she may hasten to secure the seat she desires.

money, and to have a regular occupation to the sidays."

Of course, there are chronic grumblers, who are dissatisfied with the fare, the rules and methods, and everything else. Yet they continue to patronize the tables, knowing that they would not be as well served elsewhere. Sometimes, the restaurant, too, suggests the pathetic side of lodging-house life. "Look at that old, old lady," said a sweet-faced girl to her companion. "I have watched her come in here night after night. She is always alone, and I think she is poor. I have wondered about her. She seems to have no friends here. Oh, I could not bear to have my own mother live in that way."

her. She seems to have no friends here. Oh, I could not bear to have my own mother live in that way."

"I have lived alone in lodgings for thirty-five years," said a woman who overheard the remark, "and it's a dreary thing when one is growing old."

"I've always lived in furnished rooms, hotels, or boarding-houses," said her companion, "in my childhood with my parents, and after my marriage with my husband. I've never known what they cail 'home life,' and I'm so accustomed to this way that I don't mind it." And the girl who listened, and who had but lately left a home she dearly loved, said to herself, "Oh, what that woman has missed! It's better far to have had a home and lost it." One sometimes overhears thoughtful criticisms on art and literature, and sometimes very odd ones. Two girls at one of the round tables were discussing books. "Oh, Jennie," said one, "have you read Sesame and Lilies? I think it's just lovely." "It's too sweet for anything," said the other. "I read everything of his as soon as it comes out, for I dote on Howells!"

A well-known writer and her artist friend were dining there the other day, but they did not discuss art or literature. They talked of dainties for invalids, and one related a story. "The visitor told the woman," said she, "that she should give her eister an egg, delicately cooked, and try, at intervals during the day, to tempt her appetite. 'And so I did,' was the reply. I cooked that egg for Sarah this morning, and I've brought it to her every half-hour since, but she won't touch it."

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JUNKSHOP PHILOSOPHY.

EVERYTHING IS RAW MATERIAL FOR SOMETHING ELSE.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE OLD HOUSE THAT MAKES WAY FOR THE NEW-SECOND-HAND CHRISTMAS TREES,

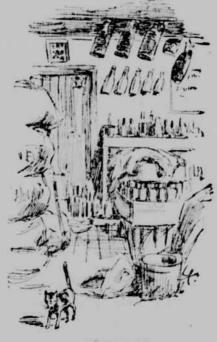
People talk a great deal about raw material and finished product. If they asked the junkman he would tell them there were no such things. He says each one is always changing into the other. To hear the world was catalogued and things stayed put. Men work away at articles till they have them fashloned to perfection, then they set them aside; say they are finished and dream-for they don't dare seriously to think-that they will stay that way forever, or at least will gracefully "pass into noth ingness" and not suffer the indignity of being broken into scrap iron or ground up for concrete. But man's works are very like himself. He consumes beef and bread which doubtless the butcher and baker thought finished to perfection, he waxes fat, and makes raw material for worms, who help to



MAGNIFICENCE OF OTHER DAYS. make more raw material for fashioning new men.

to have good second-hand use is the gold filling in "It makes me heart-sick," said a despondent girl, teeth, and even that some ingenious calculator dicts will in a few thousand years be mined with profit from the deposits of small nuggets in the drift which is to cover the rains of the ancient Newdon't say that, don't lose heart, said one York and its suburbs. That will really be no ad been silent, your bright days will come stranger than making nummics raw material for museums or finding workable from which result

grass," remarked the despondent one
"Listen, and I will tell you my story," said the
a good building, with great stone pillars, claborate other. "I had advertised and answered advertise ments. I had paid fees in employment bureaus, but could find no work that I was able to do. My money was almost gene, and I was in debt for my beard. I had paid fees in employment bureaus, but there a hole in the ground and some raw materials board. I had not a relative or near friend in the for a new building. But what has become of the My husband had died soon after our ar- old? The scientists have a law which they call the rival here. The one soot that belonged to me was indestructibility of Matter, and it is one less freshis grave, and I could see no sin in hastening to quently broken than the statute law made in Almy place beside it. I gave my last cent to a message with the statute in the statute is much better at enforcing laws than senger whom I sent for chloroform. Then I went to my room, threw myself on the bed, and covered my face with a handkerchief saturated with chloroform. At last, I thought, I shall sleep! Many nights I had lain with wide-open eyes. I was sinking into a happy unconsciousness, when, through my dulled senses, I heard a loud rapping at the called in whose sentiments toward an about-to-be



His is an economical turn of mind. He does not believe in wasting anything. So he disjoints the house departed, but the house itself is only a mem-ory. And by-and-by even the doors and windows, which in their new surroundings have become puffed up and assumed a little individuality, will in turn die and become pieces of glass and odd hinges, and are philosophers who find that everything has a soul, and its subdivisions a soul and their atoms a soul. Not to have the souls badly mixed up with the changes of things, quite naturally he thinks they are

all part of one soul.

But your contractor is no Pantheist, and he does not care anything about this. The chances are that he paid a good round sum for the privilege of re-moving the old building, and he calculates to make every bit of stone and wood pay him its due profit, university in Washington Square were forn down. the contractor finally got possession of the place, he complained that several hundred dollars' worth of his most valuable material had been taken away and it was only by great persuasion that he allowed knobs and pavements showed tracks of the relic-hunter. But his experience was not typical. Most buildings to to the junkshop unwept.

If you want to see what is done with them go to the remover's yard. There is one at Ninth-ave, and Fourteenth-st., where there is a collection more fer-

Fourteenth-st., where there is a collection more fertile in suggestion to the curious than the average museum to the average man. If you had gone there the day after Christmas, you might on the way have learned something clse about the ends of things.

There is nothing calculated to annoy a young man go much as after having brought his best girl to a party, after considerable expense to himself, to have some voluble epicure get her off in a corner and talk to her all evening about the superiority of "White Label" Soups, 25c. per quart.

What becomes of the Christmas trees which do not find the children they were created for, but when Santa Claus has gone stand a miniature forest to lumber up the yard of the too sanguine dealer? They are like the lover who without avail seeks his twin soul. Like him they "try the fresh fortune," and now and then old fellows make a marriage out of due time and stand up in church the day before New Year's and pretend they are enjoying the real romance of Christmas-tree life. Even the belated Sunday-school festival, though, does not save all of them, and they have to become raw materials for something else, just as the lively old bachelor some times ceases to be a man and becor -- raw material for the dinner-giver. The greens are stripped from the stems and made into ropes and areaths, which are always in demand for decorative purposes. Then the long dead sticks are cut off, packed up in bun dles and shipped to the suburban gardener to be used as bean poles. Perhaps a Christmas tree deserves no better fate for bearing no candles and popeorn at Christmas. Across from the tree dealer's is the contractor's

yard. There he brings his houses plecemeal. There he sorts them. Over in a shed in racks which sug-gest a wallpaper warehouse all the banister spindles are kept-walnut, mahogany, oak and chestnut, turned and carved, all ready to be scraped and varnished for a new staircase in some cheap house. or for repairs in some old one where their mates are to be found. Above them are long mandralls, and beside them great newels of many styles and sizes. In the next compartment are window weights with ropes attached. To be told that the pile is not nearly large enough to furnish weights for all the new windows, and that more are being constantly cast, impresses you with the growth of the country more than meeting a mathematician who gives you impossible figures, the magnitude of which you don't understand in the least, and you don't believe he does. It is impossible to think that wit low weights ever wear out, but if they do, their spirits most quaintances. For that purpose they are as good as millistones, and as the fashion of milling has changed and millistone ghosts of the proper kind must be scarce, they are likely enough to be in

Under another shed is iron work in profusion Plebelan iron pipe, and cast-iron fences, and boxes of niscellaneous hardware, and with them beautiful wrought-iron screens and railings. Following them stained giass windows and tessellated glass rooms beneath. A New-York artist recently picked up one of these and put it to a novel use in his studio. It forms part of a screen, being placed



IN SOUTH-ST.

rather high up, and people wonder as the light falls

rather high up, and people wonder as the light falls through its roughened and diffusing surface at the peculiar and beautiful fittings of the place. Encouraged by this success he hunted about and found some iron lattices which made more effective transoom tilling than any spindle and grill work that cost twice the money. And as for odd places of stained glass, it does not require an arrist to see a use for them. In the storehouse were also found some great mahogany doors, and they swing in the studio now, perhaps for somebody who does not dream that he is holding the handle of what was once in his own house.

The loft where the interior fittings are kept is a very the saurus of doors—front doors and backdoors, battened doors and carvel panels. Some of them have their frames and surrounding pillars and cornice with them. One man came and bought an old Colonial door with a deep frame around and behind it, and put if up against the wall of a room for a wardrobe. Beside the doors is a church point and east to if a store cash booth and an array of emitters. Then come marble slabs and manties innumerable, together with gas fixures and old numbing seemmany lost among these pieces of houses that have been is a house that was to have been—a sawnill model, with ith saw, twine power bands, two-inch log, and miritature flume and wheel. Where it was built, or when, if ever, it offered no explanation.

Out in the yard are great piles of boards and

a sawmill model, with tin saw, twine power bands, two-inch log, and miriature flume and wheel. Where it was built, or when, if ever, it offered no explanation.

Out in the yard are great piles of boards and scanlings and timbers just as at the lumber-dealers, only they are cracked and full of sails and nail heles. But though somewhat damaged, they are in demand. A string of wascons drive late the yard, the drivers hand to the gateman gree-backs, and drive off with loads of the old lung. Going on through Greenwich, the region where they have elliptical windows, with half-moon blinds, which swim from one hinge on the curved side, another kind of junkman is found. He is something of a ragman, but he soars above that and is a connoisseur in the matter of bottles, they from the hinge of the curved side, another kind of junkman is found. He is something of a ragman, but he soars above that and is a connoisseur in the matter of bottles, they from the bottle is a connoisseur in the matter of bottles. He will buy any kind of a bottle, and sell one, too, for that matter, though that is not his principal business. He sail others life him send their bottles to be sorted, and the patent needicine man, with his name blown in the bottle as a guarantee to his custome: comes and picks out what was once his, buys it back at a discount, and reflis it, happy in the thought that that name in the glass helps him as well as his patient. The unlabelled bottles go to various uses. Not one ends its career until it is broken. Even then it serves some purpose, no doubt.

Through Centre-st, and other manufacturing districts another class of junkshops is found. Therebolts, screws, chisels and wrenches abound. Now and then you will pick up some claborate fire tongs and see what ships come to. Here is a coil of rope, there an old capstan, in this corner a compass, and, best of all, the figurehead of some broken up vessel. Maybe some day she will change her name and go on another cruise.

The junkshop seems to say that nothing is an ensite tis

From The Chicago Record. Heels—What in thunder did you mean by teiling that entire audience that you would find political jobs for every member of it if you were elected? The Candidate—Because after I'm elected el l'Il only have one promise to break.

HEARD BY THE ROADSIDE. From The Cincinnati Tribune.

"Goodby, Old Slow!" shouted the bicycle. "You are not in my class."
"Anyway," retorted the cart horie, "I am not as awkward as you are. I don't fall down standing still." ----

From The Indianapolis Journal.

"Do you remember that letter you wrote to me before we were married in which you safe you would even give up your chances of heaven for me?" femarked Mrs. Peck.

"Well," said Mr. N. Peck, after he had got hold of his hat and had the door open, "I guess i told the truth."

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HONEYMOON TALK.

SOME PECULIARITIES OF MATRIMONY.

From The Pall Mall Budget. me begin with an apology. If Evangeline Woodruff should see what is written here, and recognize herself, she must not suspect me of listening at doors. It is the fault of her house, or of the architect who designed it, or of the builder who exe-

cuted it, that I acquired the following information;

and in publishing it I am moved by no desire to reveal her domestic privacies, but purely by a feeling that sufficient justice has not been done to a curious feature in matrimonial pathology. Evangeline, I should explain, is an ex-student of Newnham. Six years ago she played a capital game of tennis, rode to hounds in vacation, and took very fair honors in history. No one in this world ever had such a contempt for philandering, or such a

profound disgust for the niaseries of lovers as she-

six years ago, bien entendu, and at Newnham. I have been spending a week with her since her marriage, at a jolly little riverside residence, all stucco, veranda and folding doors. The desk at which I used to write looked out over the veranda on to a lawn, and next to it was the library, opening out the same way. I mention this fact, not in order to complain that my host and hostess usually sat in there together, for it was part of my bargain that I should be left a good deal alone; but by way of explanation how I came to overhear so much of what they said. It began in this wise: Her husband walked up from the garden, where he had dutifully smoked his morning cigar, stepped into the library without noticing me, and exclaimed in the over-emphasized tones of a gratified infant, "Oh, pitty bookelats!" No response followed, and he repeated more insistingly, "Pitty bookelats!" "Yes, darling," came the reply then, soothingly uttered (as by a mother attempting to quiet her child), "pitty okelats"

I hammered my brains over this, but could make nothing of it. At luncheon I inquired with not too pointed curiosity, "What are bookelats?" An uncomfortable flush crept over my pair of lovers, who smiled in an awkward way; and Evangeline replied, "It's a joke we use. One of Tom's little nieces calls books by that name. It was a corruption originally of 'want a book-to-look-at.'

I was enlightened in a sense; but still I could not see why they should wish to talk like Tom's little niece. The hint I had given them, however, took no effect. That same afternoon I heard the loving spouse, in an irritating voice, request her doting lord to "opee door" for her, the latter announce his intention of "going ta-ta in ze gardney," and finally a whole conversation, as far as I can remember, as follows:

"She's rahzer a duck, I sink." "So's he." "She's ze biggest duck." "He's a silly-bilster."
"So's she." "They's bofe babies, anyhow."
"Dam-fool babies." "No, not dam-fool babies, nice

This interesting duologue came to an end abruptly, suspect for purposes of osculation, leaving me gasping. Why, I pondered, should two normal, healthy, sane people, who have been married five months at least and cut their honeymoon teeth, go on in that ridiculous way? But, if I have exagger-ated aught of what fell upon my ears, may I be doomed to marry myself and to speak that language

all the days of my life! From inquiries I begin to suppose that it is a common enough practice; yet for my soul I cannot see the rationale of addressing a grown person as if see the rationate of addressing a grown person as it be or she were a baby in arms, however much you love them. Fancy accosting a stranger with. "Peese tell I time," or "I'se dot a painey in my tumicule," as I once heard one of this couple remark. Imagine the effect! If a stranger did it to Evangeline I know she would be sick. Why, then, should it lose its nauseating power when applied by the object of your so-called affections? Can an emetic change its skin?

In public Evangeline and her hushand are perfectly.

In public Evangeline and her husband are perfectly sensible and well behaved, girted with abundance of humor and excellent company. I do not know whether to suspect that this external propriety is a mask that newly married couples wear in order to create an unmerited impression on outsiders, or whether it is the other phase that is put on to make a darf more in the work of the control of the c

DIVERSIFIED FARMING.

From The Detroit Tribune.

The traveller remembered distinctly after it was all over that a few fleecy clouds were floating larger in the empyrean. in the empyrean.
"Oh, yes," said the tall, gaunt native with the sandy goatee, "there's money in sheep."
A significant smile irradiated his countenance.
"Yes," he repeated, "since the new tariff went into effect we feed the sheep to the dogs and compete in the bench shows."